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The Song of Death.

I rode on the wings of the hurricane,
And come on the evening air;
No voice disputeth my gloomy reign,
Nor fortress my power can dare!
How sweetly sleepeth the pallid form
When the vital spark is fled,
And the kiss of love cannot re-warm
The marble brow of the dead!

I come in the solemn hush of night,
And at twilight's thoughtful hour,
I come when the path of life is bright,
And when wrathful tempests lower.
I come to the place of wit and wine,
And visit the home of care;
I sweep over earth in the pale moonshine,
And sport in the noontide glare!

I meet the youth of generous heart
As he mounts the steep of fame,
I go—but he felt the stroke of my dart,
And sinks in reach of a name.
All ages are mine; but the tender child
Scarce feeleth my finger cold;
And the mother's anguish, deep and wild,
I stay my flight to behold.

All places are mine; but I most delight
In the noisy field of strife;
'Tis joy to hear the clang of the fight,
And to see the red tide of life
Bubbling in torrents strong and free
From many a gaping wound,
And I scarce restrain my boastful glee
As it rolls on the dusty ground!

I blast the oak, and I blight the flowers
With pois'nous, withering breath;
Wisdom and beauty, pride and power
Must fall at the stroke of death.
I bring a test of the mortal life,
And the pure shall meet it well,
But pallid guilt shall shrink in the strife,
And cower beneath my spell.

Management of Soils.

A soil would never get exhausted if managed with skil, but would continue to improve in depth and fertility in proportion to the industry bestowed upon it. The food of plants, it is true, may be exhausted from the soil by a repetition of cropping with any one family of plants, if we neglect the application of such fertilizers as may have been taken from the soil by that family; but no part of the growing season is required for the soil to rest, or lie fallow, if judiciously managed by a successive varying of the crops, or by supplying to them such food as may be a compensation for what has been taken off by the previous crop. The first object to be attained for securing a certain and profitable return of produce from the soil must be *the rough drainage;* the next object is, *breaking into the subsoil* to the desired depth—not without first considering whether it is proper and profitable to shift or turn up the subsoil at once to the influence of the atmosphere, or whether it be best to break into it well first, by shifting the surface soil and allowing the subsoil to remain and receive—first the beneficial influence of the atmosphere, and then—at the trenching, a portion of the subsoil may be safely stirred up and mixed with the surface soil; this practice continued for every succeeding crop, will establish a healthy fertilizing surface soil to any desired depth.

If repeated stirrings of the surface are adopted, according to the nature of the soil and weather, every growing crop will continue in healthy luxuriance, without ever suffering by receiving injury from too much moisture, drought or frost. In addition, by constantly scarifying, hoeing and forking the surface soil, not only obnoxious insects and their larvæ are expelled, but weeds would never make their appearance, much less have a chance of committing their accustomed robbery of the soil and crops.—Besides, by such repeated stirring, the soil is always prepared, sweet and healthy, for succeeding crops—no mean consideration, either when we observe the loss of time and produce occurring to such a ruinious extent in some localities, by allowing weeds to rob and choke the growing crops, and to shed their seeds, productive of a progeny similarly injurious to the crops next in rotation.

The application of manure is most essential, and may be applied most beneficially when the soil is established in a healthy condition, and maintained thus by a constant attention to surface stirring. Yet the application of manure is a secondary consideration; for though it may be very liberally applied, and with considerable expense, yet without first insuring the healthiness of the soil, much property and labor will be sacrificed.

GYPSEYS.—A band of Gypseys lately landed at New York, among the immigrants brought from Europe by an emigrant ship. They are now encamped, with their covered wagons, in the neighborhood of Hoboken, and report themselves from the vicinity of Durham and New Castle, England.—The women and children are said to possess the peculiar physical features of their strange race, having slender figures and an abundance of black hair. The men pursue the business of tinkers, and the females cook their meals by fires made in the open air.

From the Harrisburg Pa. State Journal.

Parties and the Compromise.

The Democrats claim to be the exclusive friends of the Union. Their papers in this state are constantly boasting of the fidelity of the "Democracy" to the compromise measures of the last Congress. And this absurd claim is set up in the very face of the fact that the disunion movement at the South is confined almost entirely to Democrats, whilst the Whigs to a man have planted themselves upon the broad national platform, and are nobly batling for the success of the Union and the Compromise candidates. The Democratic papers in the North, with scarcely an exception, takes sides with Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, and Gov. McDonald, of Georgia, both of whom are anti-Compromise candidates. They prefer Democrats opposed to the Compromise to Democrats who are in favor of that measure, and yet they assume to be the peculiar and exclusive friends of the Union!

The Whig party do not arrogate any exclusive claim to the credit of the passage of the Compromise. Had the friends of that measure depended solely for support upon the votes of *either* of the two great national parties they would have been defeated in Congress. It is absurd, therefore, for any party to claim the whole credit of passing the adjustment measures. If they were supported by more democrats than Whigs comparatively at the North, it is no less true that they were supported by more Whigs than Democrats comparatively at the South. It is not, properly speaking, therefore, a measure or system of measures for the passage of which either party can appropriate the credit in any exclusive sense to itself.

But the main question is not who *voted* for the compromise; it is rather who *now sustains* it—and whose policy and tone of discussion is best calculated to give it the prestige of *moral power* throughout the country. In this State, and in the country generally, North and South, there can be no plausible question that the WHIG PARTY is the party most friendly to the Compromise. Whatever course politicians may pursue, the great mass of THE PEOPLE ARE FOR THE COMPROMISE, and will vote for no man who is not sound upon this question. Under the lead of President Fillmore's conservative Administration, even those of the Whigs who were originally opposed to the Compromise are fast wheeling into its support.

The Washington Republic, alluding to this subject, thus frankly defines its position: "We consider the series of measures known as the Compromise as a settlement, in principle and substance, a *final settlement* of the difficulties growing out of the agitation of the slavery question. We plant ourselves upon this broad Union national platform, not hypothetically, but positively, categorically whether this or that party is destroyed by it. The *union* of these States we view as far transcending all party triumphs and party alliances, and believing their safety depends upon the faithful acquiesence in the Compromise measures, we are for them unconditionally."

The language of President Fillmore is also clear and unequivocal. He regards the "Compromise measures as a settlement, in principle and substance—a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects that they embrace." He says: "By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me IN EXHORTING MY COUNTRYMEN TO RALLY UPON AND MAINTAIN THAT GROUND as the best, if not the only means of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union." And this is the broad, the national and patriotic policy pursued by the whigs, North and South. They are for the Union as it is, and for the Compromise as it is—not that they originally approved of it in all its details, but they regard it as a settlement of vexed, angry, and disturbing questions, and therefore essential, under existing circumstances, to the well-being safety and perpetuity of the Union.

THE FOURTH IN PARIS.—A party of Americans dined together on the 4th of July, in one of the principal restaurants of the Palais National. The *Republique* states, that a band of music was present, which after several times playing *la Marseillaise*, received from the police the injunction not to repeat it. But, says the Republique, the Republicans of the Union did not "give it up so," but in defiance of the police, and after the prohibition, shouted in loud chorus beneath the protection of the American flag, which was spread above them, the animating stanzas of the Revolutionary hymn. A large crowd, continues the same authority, collected outside, beneath the windows, listening to the unwonted strains, and wondering at the impunity which the banqueters enjoyed.

From the New York Observer.

The way to be Strong.

"WHERE are you going, father?" said Richard Sayre to his father, one bright morning in winter.

"I am going to the blacksmith's shop," said Mr. Sayre.

"May I go with you sir?"

"I have no objection." Richard took his father's arm, and they walked on the crisp frozen snow towards the shop. Mr. Beckwith, the blacksmith, was as usual hard at work. Though it was mid-winter, and the door of his shop was always open, yet he had his coat off, and the sleeves of his red flannel shirt were rolled up above his elbow. He was blowing the bellows with his left hand, and adjusting the iron in the fire with his right, when Mr. Sayre entered the shop.—"Good morning, Mr. Beckwith," said Mr. Sayre.

"Good morning," replied Mr. B., accepting Mr. S.'s proffered hand, "my hand is not as clean as yours."

"Not as clean literally just now. I trust that, morally speaking, you have clean hands. A blacksmith may have clean hands in that sense."

"Clean hands in that sense means a clean conscience. He may have that. It is not necessary for him to soil his conscience as it often is to soil the hands, but great care is necessary to avoid soiling it. When one's conscience is soiled, it is not as easy to cleanse it, as it is to cleanse the hands. Water will cleanse the hands, but nothing short of the blood of Christ will cleanse the conscience."

By this time the iron was sufficiently hot, and he drew it forth glowing and sending out scintillations. When he laid it upon the anvil and struck it with the hammer the scintillations flew all over the shop. Richard was alarmed and got behind his father.—From that secure place, he watched the effect of the blows given by the ponderous hammer which seemed to be wielded with perfect ease. He admired the brawny arm of Mr. B., and envied the strength that could give such forcible blows. When the iron became so far cooled that it was necessary to return it to the fire, Mr. S. made known his business to Mr. B., and withdrew.

"Father," said Richard, when they were a little way from the shop, "you seem to think a great deal of Mr. Beckwith. I was rather surprised to see you shake hands with him."

"I do think a great deal of him," said Mr. Sayre. "He is a worthy citizen, and a good man. The fact that he is a blacksmith does not make him the less a man."

"I know it does not, only persons do not generally think quite as much of a man if he is a blacksmith, as they do if he is a merchant, or something else."

"I hope my son will form the habit of estimating men according to their real worth, and not according to their emyloyments. I often have occasion to ask Mr. Beckwith's advice, and I value it highly. Our minister does the same."

"What a strong arm Mr. Beckwith has! what makes it so strong?"

"He has made it strong by exercise—by wielding his heavy hammer."

"I should think that would wear it out instead of making it strong."

"Excessive labor would have that effect, but hard labor only tends to give additional strength. The way to get a strong arm is to work hard with it; what is the way to get a strong mind?"

"I suppose one must work hard with his mind."

"Certainly, strong minds are made in the same way that strong arms are."

"I should think, then, that every body would have strong minds."

"Why so?"

"Because when a man has a strong mind, he is thought a great deal of."

"And so you think, if strength of mind depends upon the will, all men would have it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you forget that a necessary condition of having it, is hard work. That men do not like. They do not like hard work of any kind, and least of all, hard work with the mind. It is much easier to get a man to work hard over a forge than over a book.—It is much easier to induce him to swing the iron sledge hammer than the intellectual sledge hammer."

"Our teacher told us that our minds grew strong by acquiring knowledge."

"That is true, but the knowledge must be acquired by your own labor. Suppose your teacher could pour all the knowledge he possesses into your mind at once, just as all the water in one cup can be poured into another cup; you would have more knowledge than you have now, but your strength of mind would not be increased. That can be increased only by exercise."

"Then the more a person gets help in his studies, the less benefit he gets from them."

"Certainly: suppose a physician should tell his patient that he must walk a mile every day in order to strengthen his limbs, and that instead of doing it, he gets another person to do it for him: do you think his limbs would grow strong in consequence of the other person's walking?"

"No sir. One would be very foolish to think so."

"And the patient would be very foolish to pursue the supposed course. But not more so than the student who gets another to get his lesson for him."

"If it is better for one to get his lessons without help from any one, I should think it would be better for him not to have books with notes and explanations."

"It certainly would be. I have no patience with those school-books in which all labor on the part of the student is superseded.—The makers of such books would seem to have entered into a conspiracy against mental labor and mental strength."

"John Gale has a Latin book which has a great many notes, and he always gets his lessons sooner than the rest of his class; because when he comes to anything hard, he has nothing to do, but turn to the notes. He gets his lesson, and then laughs at the other boys, and tells them to dig away. Once in a while, he will lend one of them his book, but not very often."

"He does them good by refusing to lend his book, though he has no design of so doing. I wish you to form the habit of getting your lessons yourself, and of performing your own mental labor. That is the only way to become a man. I will now ask you how a person can become strong in goodness?"

"By taking pains to be good."

"Yes, by diligent exercise in goodness.—He must do right, not only when it is easy to do right, but when it is difficult to do so."

"I have sometimes thought I can never become good, it is hard work."

"It is indeed hard work, but then we were made for hard work. But the very difficulties in the way, may be the means of giving one greater strength in goodness. Every time there is a struggle in the soul between good and evil, and you overcome, you gain strength. Overcoming once, will enable you to overcome the next time with less difficulty. I must now go to my office, and you must get ready for school."

On his way to school, James formed a resolution to become strong in mind and strong in goodness—rightly judging that strength of mind, united with goodness, would make one a great man.

He had not reached the school-house before he met a boy who was accustomed to abuse him. The boy did not suffer the present opportunity to pass. He threw Richard down and rubbed some snow in his face. He then passed on. Richard rose up very angry, and seized a club near him, and was about to throw it at his enemy, but he thought of his resolution and threw the club with all his might in the opposite direction. He certainly made a good beginning in his efforts to become strong in goodness.

FUDDLE AMONG THE HOGS AND FISHES.—The medina (Ohio) *Citizen* is responsible for the following:

We understand that about one hundred and fifty of the two thousand hogs belonging to the Oak Orchard Distillery, when it was burnt a few days since, got on a regular "bender," and succeeded in acting almost as silly as do their biped neighbors when in a similar "fix." They partook of the fire-water as it came flowing into their styes, and as a consequence, got most gloriously befuddled. Three of the number died in the ditch. The fish in Oak Orchard Creek were still more unfortunate. The fatal liquid mingled with their own pure element and they drank and died by thousands.—Ork Orchard Creek was converted literally into a stream of death.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Laurensville Herald says:

"The accounts of the drought from various sources of our district are truly distressing—in many places there will not be as much corn made as was made in 1845. Such is the case, too, in the neighboring districts, except Spartanburg, and we understand their prospects were never much better.—We learn, too, from our exchanges, that the same cry of dry sections is prevalent throughout Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi."

NOT BAD.—The Green Bay *Advocate* has the following:

The Minnesota papers say that the school fund has been husbanded so well, that every child in the territory will be provided for.—This is nothing to take credit for; they have husbanded every school ma'am sent up there yet, and it is no more than fair that they should provide for the children.

From the Boston Advertiser.

The Marvels of Aerostation.

The New York *Courier des Etats-Unis*, announces the successful attempt of M. Poiteven, at Paris, to ascend in a balloon with a carriage and horses attached. The ascent was made on the 30th of June, of an immense balloon named the Globe, to which is attached a carriage and two horses.—Monsieur and Madame Poiteven, with another passenger, being seated in the carriage, an assistant was placed outside in the car.—The operation of inflating the balloon was made with some difficulty, in consequence of the great size of the machine and the violence of the wind. When all was ready, M. Poiteven entered an uncovered four-wheel carriage, which he conducted himself, having Madame P. on his right hand, and their travelling companion on another seat. In this manner they drove round the arena.—The carriage was drawn by two beautiful and spirited chesnut horses of middle size. Having arrived under the balloon, the equipage was attached to it by means of an apparatus composed of strong cables. The assistant having taken his place, M. Poiteven pronounced the words "Let all loose!" the two hundred soldiers who had held the cords obeyed, and the aerostat rose majestically in the midst of the enthusiastic bravos of all the spectators. Madame Poiteven exhibited, in these circumstances, a singular serenity, before starting, she smilingly embraced her young son, and threw out a boquet, which fell into the Camp de Mars. This balloon, in which more than four thousand metres of silk stuff have been used, is made of alternate black and red stripes, going longitudinally. It is of a spherical form, and is the largest aerostat ever made. It is 31 metres high, 22 metres in diameter; its circumference at the equator is 68 metres; its capacity 6,000 metres; its ascensional power with the impure lighting gas, 3,000 kilogrammes. The horses, the carriage, and the travellers weighed altogether 1,250 kilogrammes.

M. Poiteven landed at evening, without accident, at the Chateau Grignon, situated forty kilogmetres at the west of Paris.

"But this daring voyage grows pale," says the *Courier*, "before the extraordinary experiment which has just succeeded in Madrid, if credit may be given to the correspondent of the *Courier de la Gironde*. This is nothing less than a lady who flies with real wings.

The following is the account from the *Courier de la Gironde:*

"Yesterday an immense crowd assembled at the Prado. A spectacle was to be exhibited, the equal of which had never been seen. For the last fortnight the walls of the city of Madrid had been covered with placards, indicating that, on the 20th of the present month, Juanita Perez, a young girl of Barcelona, would fly in the air, at a height of 200 metres, in a circuit of 400 metres. It is needless to say how considerable was the influx of people attracted by the promises of the placards.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, at the heat of 38 degrees, Mademoiselle Juanita Perez executed her perious ascension.—And, in the first place, we must say that this experiment succeeded wonderfully. The young lady rose to a height exceeding that which was promised in the programme, and she passed in her flight over more than half the Prado promenade. It is in vain to attempt to paint the profound amazement of the crowd when a woman, whose corpulence might seem to attract her to the earth, was seen floating in the air. If she had been living in the middle ages, Juanita Perez would have been burned in the public square for a witch.

"It is impossible to describe the wonderful apparatus which sustains this woman in her aerial flight, as the inspection of the wings has not been allowed to the public; but I can say that the dimension of these wings is at least four or five feet when spread out, and they are worked with ligaments of such flexibility that they move in the air with great facility, and make a noise like a good-sized windmill. All Madrid is talking of this curious experiment, which was to be repeated the same evening at the theatre de l'Orient."

MIND YOUR PS AND QS!—This very common expression originated from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the ale house door, on which was written P. or Q. (i. e. Pint or Quart) against the names of each cutomer, according to the quantity which he had drank and which was not expected to be paid before Saturday evening, when the wages were settled.

☞ "Bob, did you hear that my father gets married again next Easter?" "No, Tom, I did not. Does he get an old woman?"

"No sirree! he gets a new one."

From the New York Sun.

The Blues.

One would think from the way in which some men talk of their troubles, that they were masses of unmixed indigo, they have so much to say about being 'BLUE.' This term is susceptible of a great many definitions according to the circumstances in which different people use it. One man is blue, because he has been building castles in the air and finds them all dashed to bits by the stern realities of every-day life. Another man is blue, because a fit of selfishness has taken him and don't want to hear about any other troubles but those which belong to his little self. Another is blue, because he was out late the night before and so must come yawning down stairs in the morning to opiate every body else with his selfishness.—Such should be put to bed immediately.—Talking will only aggravate the difficulty and spread fell contagion all about them. A comfortable nap is what they need.

Still another is blue—dreadful blue, because he is too lazy to do anything, and is groaning under all the wretchedness which idleness always brings, and yet for the life of him cannot tell what is the matter, 'only it is something.' Poor fellow! The doctor can't do him any good. He is in a sad condition. There is but one remedy for him. Set him to work at something, no matter what it is, till he gets sense enough to be competent to choose a profession. It's hard work to get a lazy man going, especially if he has the 'blues.' But if he comes to you for a prescription for his malady, recommend hard work by all means; nothing else will effect a cure, and this, taken daily in large doses and with an empty stomach, will scarcely ever fail in completely removing the difficulty.

Never have 'the blues.' They are not WORTH having. Shake them off; they have no right about your person any more than a swarm of bumble-bees. If they want to hive let them find some other place besides your head or your heart, for these were made to entertain different visitors. But, if you feel them coming sometimes in a lonely hour, and, with your mightiest strivings, cannot seem to drive them off; then take the alternative left to a sensible warrior—retreat, run away from them. Take your hat and sally forth into the fields, and as you go, whistle some lively air, or sing some cheerful song, and when you've walked and whistled and sung awhile then make a pause to see if your enemies are yet in pursuit, and when you look for them they wont be there for the 'blues' and music are sworn enemies, and the latter is generally the victor. Or if you must be alone and contend with them, then summon some good book to your aid, devour its contents eagerly, and you will forget that you ever were troubled with such dark shadowy visitants. But above all keep a clean conscience and you will have little trouble from these unwelcome intruders.

The Pride of Doing No Work.

There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at a mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated, as it is called, they look down with a sort of contempt on those who, in cases, have contributed to their support. You need not despise a spinning wheel, said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school." There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. "La! how unrefined they are!" she says with a scornful smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink of a novel.

We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor hard working girl, calling her low and unrefined.

"Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic!" "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother WHEN SHE WENT OUT A WASHING!" There reader, if you could have been present, you could have seen a strange confusion of faces, and heard a vain attempt to utter something too quickly to come out. It stuck in her throat.

When we hear men and women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman the daughter of a washerwoman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn, or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer.

When lights are seen burning in the house before the break of day, in the winter especially, it shows that the day will never break on the breaking in of the winter of adversity.

When you see his barn larger than his house it shows that he will have large profits and small afflictions.

When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When you see in his house more lamps for burning lard or grease, than candlesticks for more expensive purposes, it shows that economy is lighting his way to happiness and plenty with that light which should enlighten every farmer in the world.

When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months, or more, it shows that he will be a more than ninety days wonder, in farming operations; that he is nto sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic.

When he has a house separated from the main building, purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling to be a funeral pile for his family, and perhaps himself.

When his hog pen is boarded inside and out, it shows that he is "going the whole hog" in keeping plenty inside his house and poverty out.

When his sled is housed in summer, and his farming implements covered both winter and summer it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of early life and the winter of old age.

When his cattle are well shielded and fed in winter, it is evidence that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beasts."

When he is seen subscribing for a newspaper, and paying in advance, it shows that he is speaking like a book respecting the latest improvements in agriculture, and that he never gets his walking papers to the land of providence.

Tea in South Carolina.

The Charleston *Courier* notices the arrival in that city of Francis Bonynge, a gentleman who has spent fourteen years in the East, actively engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of indigo, sugar, saltpetre, tea and coffee, and whose present object is to introduce into the southern States the culture of the tea plant, the mangoe tree, date tree, coffee plants, &c., and the melons and vegetables of the East Indies, and to carry out the manufacture of the tea leaf, and also of the indigo plant, and to give a full and fair trial to both tea and indigo.

Mr. Bonynge says that the soil and climate of the southern States are more suited to the cultivation of tea than these even in China, and that indigo, which was, by-the-by, formerly produced in the southern States, can be grown to any extent, and that the coffee plant in all probability would flourish there to great advantage, inasmuch as the soil and undulating nature of the land would be in its favor, and the cold of the latitude of Charleston is not so tense by thirteen as that of the east of China. In fact, Mr. Bonynge has seen this plant growing wild in north latitude 27 deg., 30 min., on hills of from three to five hundred feet in height, where, too, there was an abundance of frost, snow and hail.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Death of Mr. Daguerre.

The death of the celebrated discoverer of the daguerreotype took place suddenly at Brie, a village near Paris, recently. He distinguished himself early as a scene painter, by the happiness of his effects in light and shade. The chapel of Glenthorn, at the Abigu, the Rising of the Sun in *les Mexicians* were saluted by the audience with enthusiastic applause. His inventive genius then erected the diorama. Every one remembers the series of cathedrals, of Alpine scenery, producing almost the effect of illusion upon the spectator, and diversified by magical changes of light, which Mr. Daguerre exhibited in the Regent's park, London. Later, he succeeded in immortalizing his name, by fixing the images of the camera obscura, and realizing, in an instant, effects which leave at an immeasurable distance the most elaborately finished engraving.

CROPS IN OREGON.—The *Oregonian* of the 7th of June, published at Portland, Oregon Territory, says:

"The crops are said to look remarkably well throughout the whole Territory. The unusual quantity of rain which has fallen this spring has placed them in a somewhat backward state, yet every thing bids fair for an abundant harvest."